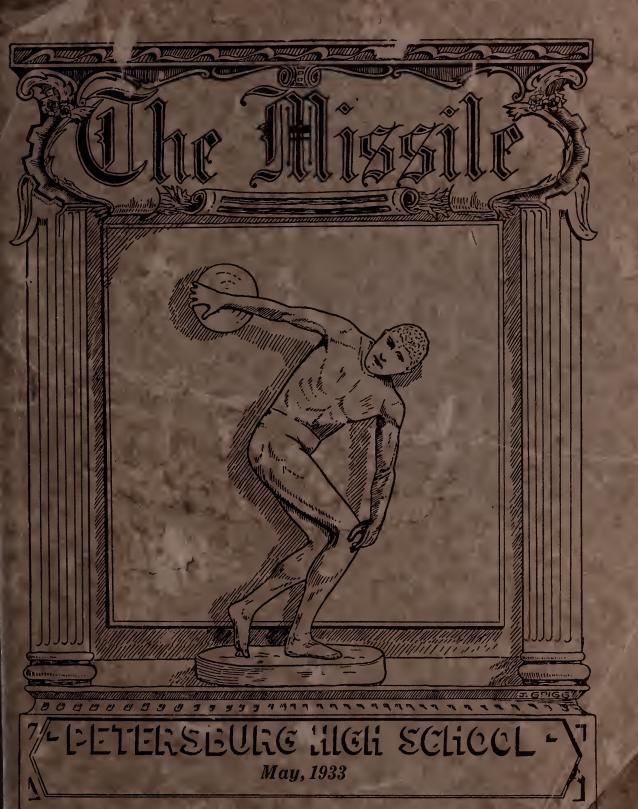


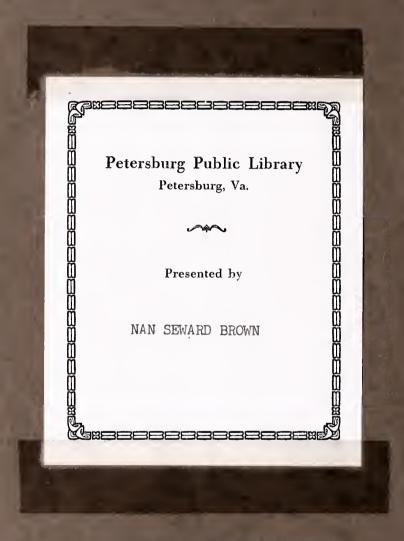


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Vol. XXI

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# The "Missile"

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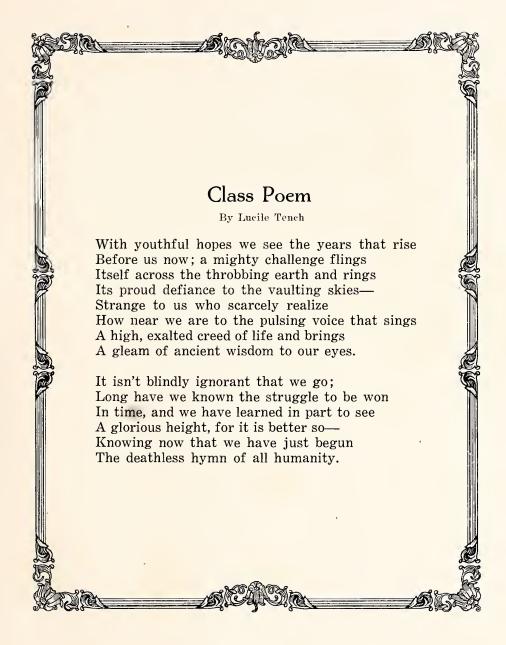
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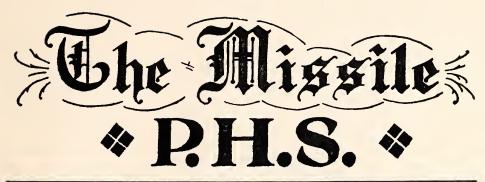
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#### Four Poems

By Lucile Tench

I. Youth

Down the sunny way she came, Her brown arms full of fragrant flowers That fluttered as she went along And fell in misty-petaled showers.

"Violets, lilies, sweet blue squills, fulips, fern, and daffodils!"

When she saw youth's eager smile, She dropped her blossoms at his feet; "Sometimes, young lad, I'll bring you more—"

And went on singing down the street.

But deep among the bursting buds His fingers touched a nidden thorn, And through the empty street there rang The gypsy woman's laughing scorn.

"Roses, violets, deep blue squills, Hyacinths, fern, and daffodils!"

# "The Missile" -

#### II.

#### Nocturne

From deep within the silken, sighing rushes—Softly from the silken, streaming grasses—Some dark-born creature lifts its plaintive yearning

While the west wind murmurs through the night,

Moving smoothly, slowly, gently turning Each whispering leaf to pale, reflected light.

Silver water washes on the marsh weeds,
Dripping silver through the waving bushes,
Rippling into shimmering silver lace;
Moonlight stolen from the silent trees
That droop and with their wistful fingers
trace

A pattern to keep when all this beauty flees.

#### III.

#### The Poet

He is the maker of music that swells And bursts in torrents of crystal fire, Breathing the rapture of silver bells; A world's delight and a world's desire Its burning, brilliant beauty tells.

A million men, struck blind with the light That breaks from each ecstatic flare, Glimpse in the splendor that dulls their sight

A bit of Godhood gleaming there, A bit of heaven divinely bright.

To him, the radiant glory is gone From his poetry at its first creation, And what he sees there, ling'ring on, Is only the ashes of inspiration From which all pulsing life is drawn. But the melody that he cannot sing Yields a deep, exalted peace That no impassioned fame can bring. Its quiet warmth will never cease; It is a beautiful, silent thing.

## IV.

#### **Evening**

The sky is a boundless pasture land, Sheathed in a mist of mellow light, When the west has hid the molten sun From the stealing darkness of the night.

Across the stretch of deepening blue The clouds are moving, soft and slow Like weary sheep, their fleecy backs Half-veiled in the evening's dusky glow.

And the wind is a faithful, gentle shepherd Who drives them o'er the darkened way—And homeward through the shadowed silence That clings about the ended day.

### The Man-Made Bird

By Rolfe Gregory



INCE THE beginning of time, man has longed to fly like the birds in the heavens. Today, man's wish has been fulfilled. He is able to fly better than the birds! He can soar to heights greater than any birds can reach. He can fly faster than any bird in the air. There is no limit to this new, free world . . . . the air!

I feel that the person who has never been in the sky has missed a great experience. To fly through the heavens like a bird, at a speed that is greater than the fastest express train on earth, is a thrill that is hard for one to describe. He must experience it himself. The air is to the aviator what the sea is to the sailor. The smell of the fresh salt air causes a pang of adventure to surge through the heart of every sea-faring man. In the same manner, the smell of gasoline and the sight of an airplane causes a like pang to surge through every man who flies one of these man-made birds.

It's a great thrill to ride in an airplane, but the greatest thrill of all is flying one yourself. When you realize that you are flying the ship by yourself, that you have complete control over this man-made bird, you want to shout, to sing, to burst forth into poetic utterances.

I had my first airplane ride when I was sixteen. I went to the field at noon. The sun was shining brightly in a cloudless sky. I admit I did feel a bit nervous when I saw my friend, who was going to take me up, coming toward me. For years I had dreamed of flying, and now I was about to realize my dream. I had studied flying from every book I could find, but what I wanted was actually to fly.

I strapped myself in the plane and adjusted my goggles. Just before taking-off, the pilot said to me: "When we get to fifteen hundred feet, I'll let you take the controls and fly the ship yourself." I felt a bit nervous, but I almost knew it was just a joke.

We climbed higher and higher. The beautiful checker-board landscape unfolded the deep green forests and fields before us. It was May, and spring was in the air. I wanted to sing. Then the motor suddenly died down! The pilot yelled to me to take the controls! I took them and tried to keep the ship on an

even keel. It wasn't easy, but in a few minutes I got the feel of the air and kept the plane level. A wonderful feeling surged through me. I was flying the ship by myself! I had control of this bird with its great, outstretched, silver wings. My first airplane ride, and I was flying the plane all by myself!

The ride ended all too soon, and I was again back on mother earth. It felt like a different world compared to what I had

just experienced.

Such is the wonderful thrill of flying. I greatly desire that every human could take an airplane ride during his life and see the beauties of nature from the air.

I only wish that I were a great poet that I might express my emotions in beautiful words as I sail through God's heavens in these man-made birds.

# Thoughts Of Demosthenes

By Nan Seward

O cruel, ruthless, raging sea! My thoughts so often turn to thee. How beautiful is thy crest today! How can I speak my words and say My speech which is so dear to me, O sleek, green, glassy, grasping sea, When thou art here?

How changeable are thy ways to me; Thou playest thy same strange rhapsody, Melodious, yes, but toneless still— Like incessant whirrings of a mill. Thou shout'st thy warnings futilely Of the menace that thy waves can be, And I am safe!

Break in the still grey dawn, now dim. The sun is peeping above the rim, The sky grows pink, reflections ripple—Stillness now—thy volume triple. Thy waves rush in, rush out, repeat Their same old monotonic beat And leave me here!

## Joan Hilby

By La Verne Lunsford



S THE SNOW piled higher on the window sill and the wind howled a mournful song through the dim twilight, the girl sitting before the easel in the shadows of the shabby room on the third floor of the rooming house shivered slightly. She pulled the thin smock closer around her. All day she had sat thus, painting,

painting, painting. She rested her pretty head in her hands. A few minutes later she raised her head and looked out of the window at the fallen snow. Her well formed lips quivered slightly, and tears filled her soft violet eyes and ran down her paint-smudged face.

Many weeks Joan Hillby had lived here in the crowded tenement house, just such days as today, working all day, scarcely stopping to eat at all. Some might consider this unwise from the looks of this slim, almost frail, blonde-haired creature in a faded purple smock which had once matched her eyes. On the canvas the spirited, twirling peasant girls in their native costumes of Lorraine danced an old French folk dance known to their ancestors hundreds of years ago; and to Joan's too, for her dead mother had been the youngest daughter of Jean Louis Meissonier, the famous French artist. Joan's father, Marcus Hillby, while touring the country, had fallen in love with the beautiful daughter of the famous painter, and he had brought his young wife to America to live.

When Joan was thirteen, her grandfather had died, and they had all returned to France for the funeral. It was then that she had seen the peasant girls dance under the sunny skies of France.

All these things came drifting back to her now as she stood before the window looking at the fast falling snow with eyes that were dim with tears. She remembered how grieved her mother had been when they returned home. Before the end of the year, she had attended another funeral, the funeral of her mother, whom she had worshipped with a rare devotion.

Now five years had passed since a beautiful, blonde-haired child and a sad-faced man had stood beside the grave of her mother. During those five years Joan and her father had grown to love each other a great deal more than before her mother's death. Their evenings had been spent together with reading and music, Joan working with her paints. The evenings together gradually became fewer. Mr. Hillby said he was detained at the office.

At first Joan missed these evenings, but she became absorbed in her painting and thought less about it. Then the inevitable, as Joan had termed it, had happened. Her father was to be married. This was indeed a blow to Joan. It had never occurred to her that he would ever marry again. Of course, no one could ever take the place of her mother.

"But then, if it must happen I will try to make the best of it," she said to herself. Naturally she resented another woman taking the place in the home that her mother had once taken, but if it meant added happiness to her Dad's life she could certainly stand it. "But leave it to Dad; if he gets married again, he will certainly pick a good woman," Joan had said to herself with some feeling of consolation.

Now as she turned and looked at the painting, the vision of her good mother's face drifted between her and the canvas. Joan heard her encouraging words as if she were really present and speaking: "Some day, my child, you will be famous like your grandfather," and then the taunting words of her father: "Your paintings will never amount to anything. You had better be spending your time at something more valuable."

Joan's face grew bitter, and her mouth closed in a tight line as she remembered her last night at home. She hadn't waited for her father to come home; she had left only a note saying she thought it best to leave and asking him not to try to find her. Then she had left. She was determined to show him whether she was a failure or not. She could take care of herself because she had some money left to her by her mother. Joan had come to a very poor part of the town and rented a room quite different from the beautiful home which she had left forever. "Forever?" The word startled her a bit. Yes, forever. She had made up her mind never to return home again unless she became famous.

"Yes, I will become famous," she said over and over again. "Doesn't the Meissonier blood flow in my veins? Didn't I come from a long line of painters? Didn't my grandfather tell me when I was a mere child that I would be renowned some day?"

Picking up her brushes, she added a few finishing touches to her picture.

"I shall win the contest," she said determinedly. "Then I can go to Paris and study under Cogniet II. Grandfather studied under Cogniet I, and became a member of the Beaux Arts. You win or you lose but I sincerly hope you win," she said aloud to the picture. "I'll wrap you up and mail you to the Art Exhibit in the morning."

The next morning she was up very early and wrapped and tied the canvas securely. She took it down to the post office on the corner and mailed it. It would be a week before she would hear from it. The suspense was sorely trying on her nerves. The days dragged slowly by.

When time for the judging came, a heated argument took place between three men surrounded by hundreds of paintings.

The man standing before the other two was a tall heavyset fellow with a little mustache and spoke with a slight French accent.

"I tell you that ees by far the best picture," he thundered as he pointed to Joan's picture. "I don't know the artist, but I am certainly going to find out who she ees. Whoever she may be, she knows France. She has been there, and she has seen the peasants dance. Thees picture ees true to life; it ees wonderful! I don't believe my father could have done much better himself. I tell you the girl ees a genius and only eighteen. If she can do work like thees now, what will she do by the time she ees twenty-five? And you think that ship ees better work than thees? I'll agree it ees an excellent piece of work; but in my estimation it ees nothing compared to thees. It ees a beautiful ship; it has good colors and ees well drawn; outside of that it ees nothing, just a ship and that ees all. Thees picture ees true to life, full of action, wonderfully drawn, colorful; it has everything to make it a successful painting."

"Yes, yes, Meissonier," replied one of the other men, "we realize the good qualities of that picture, but Mr. Meade and I prefer the ship, so the ship wins."

"I have nothing more to say except that I think the Peasant Dance ees the best," answered Meissonier.

\* \* \* \* \* \* \*

Back in the tenement house Joan noticed a man trudging along in the snow as she sat at the window dreaming of her picture. The man seemed to be looking for some particular house.

Joan, thinking he was probably an agent or collector, dismissed him from her mind when she heard a soft, gentle knock on her door.

She went to the door and opened it. The man stared at her a few moments and then said like one in a daze, "Jeanne, Jeanne, it can't be you!"

Joan, not knowing the man, didn't know what to do or say. She just stared back at him. When she recovered from her shock, she said a little timidly, "I beg your pardon, I am Miss Hillby. Is there anything I can do for you?"

The tall man shook his head and wiped his eyes with the back of his hands in an effort to clear his mind. "I beg your pardon. You reminded me so much of my half-sister."

"Won't you come in?" Joan asked.

"Thank you," Meissonier replied. "You see, I was one of the judges for the Art Contest, and I considered your picture for the first prize, but the other judges considered another one. I didn't come to tell you that; I came to tell you that I consider you a genius. Every year the Art School of Paris in which I work allows a student who I think has the best talent for painting to study for three years under any artist in Paris with all the expenses paid. I considered your painting the best in the United States."

Joan was dumb with surprise. She hardly knew what to say. She didn't care about the contest; she was to study in Paris.

"Would they allow me to study under Cogniet?" she asked timidly.

"Yes, you have selected the best artist in Paris. My father studied under Cogniet I."

"Why, my grandfather studied under Cogniet, too. He was a very famous artist," Joan answered with surprise.

"Who was your grandfather?" asked Meissonier.

"My grandfather was Meissonier, the most distinguished artist of his time. He died about five years ago."

"Do you mean Jean Louis Meissonier?" the man asked breathlessly.

"Why yes, did you know him?" Joan asked.

"Know him!" he said, "he was my father. How? Why? I've got it! Are you not the daughter of Jeanne Meissonier?"

# The "Missile"

"My mother's name was Jeanne Meissonier," answered Joan bewildered. "Who are you?"

"I am Jean Louis Meissonier II, your mother's half-brother. I left home at the age of twelve and my father never knew what became of me. I heard he was dead, but I couldn't get to France in time for the funeral."

Joan explained to him why she was here in the rooming house.

"You poor child," her uncle said, "you are going to France with me next week, and in a few years you will be as great as your grandfather."

## On Being a Poet

By Iris Harlow

I wondered often yesterday If poet I would be; Perhaps I'd be a Tennyson, First place would do for me.

I wonder as I sit today And read my rhymeless ode, How I could ever think that I Was on the poet's road.

Yet poet soon again I'll be; Next week I'll be so bright I'll think myself a Burns. That is, Until I start to write.

## Puppy Love

By Ivey Lewis



N BEING told that I had to write a humorous essay, I racked my brain in order to find a suitable subject. It being spring, I inevitably thought of love. This subject seemed to fit every qualification I desired inasmuch as it was of interest to everybody and known to all people, young or old, rich or poor. And love, as

everyone knows, is certainly humorous, if you are not the one in love.

Having chosen my subject, I decided to endeavor to answer that age-old question, "What is this thing called love?" Realizing that I am probably the first to write on this subject, I will be careful what I say.

All love is divided into three types: puppy love, which is known mostly to high school boys and girls; spectacular love, which is known to college and young business men and women; and, last but not least, true love, which is known to older men and women. This last is the real love.

Puppy love is the most pitiful and pathetic of all these loves. To see a young school boy moaning and groaning over some little school lass who knows she ought to be in Hollywood in the movies is certainly pathetic, but it is also humorous.

A boy meets a girl somewhere, thinks about her and finally goes to see her. Immediately he falls desperately in love. He swears he will love her forever and that he will swim five oceans for her. And does she love it? She may not believe it, but she surely doesn't disbelieve it.

A girl sees a boy she thinks is "cute," and she will do anything in her power to "get him." She tells him a few white lies; a week later they will not speak to each other.

To give an idea of what these lovers say to each other, I will repeat a conversation I overheard the other day.

"Hello, Mary, did you have a good time at the dance?"

"Oh, it was fine. I met two of the cutest boys I have ever seen."

"You did, huh?"

"I forgot; you weren't there, were you?"

"No, I had a date in Richmond."

# The "Missile"

"Oh, Jack, I thought you told me I was the only girl you ever had dates with."

"Well, it was a sort of duty date . . . "

And so it goes.

Instead of trying to answer the question "What is this thing called love," in my own words, I think I will agree with the radio announcer, "It is a phonograph record." That is as good a definition as any.

## Friendship

By Linwood Lunsford

I walk amid my flowers in a row;
Their heads are lifted to the azure sky,
Their fragrant perfume thrills me as I go;
I must remain. I cannot pass them by.

My friends are only flowers in disguise;
I sit and gaze at them in dreary dreams.
The showy flowers that with dawn arise
Will fade when tested with the scorching
beams.

And now I see a flower 'neath the shade:
It does not please the eye as others do.
It lives and thrives by day. It does not
fade.
Oh what a friend like that would do for

what a friend like that would do for you!

# The Legend Of Lover's Leap

By Mary Lee Parham



HE SMALL village of Afton is not famed, but it is a favorite stop-over for tourists. It has but one inn for the accommodation of travelers. Tourists who visit there never leave without carrying with them a pleasant remembrance of simple hospitality, delicious old colonial-style meals, and the serene beauty that sur-

rounds Afton.

Often on clear summer evenings, the tourists gather on the front porch of the inn to take in the beauties of the valley. To the west are the verdant pasture lands undulating to the horizon. A short distance off, and scarcely audible, is a tiny stream, lazily winding its way in and among the foothills. Then, halfway surrounding Afton, on the east, looms a mountain, black at the base, but varying with the atmosphere near the top in shades of purple and blue.

At the side of the mountain, half way up, a large and abrupt projection is perceivable. At sunset the rays have a way of playing on this projection, causing it to reflect in moderated degrees its rosy shades. It is said that after a shower it stands out in all the beauteous colors of the rainbow.

When the tourists have centered their attention on this ledge, the old proprietor takes great pride in telling the legend that is associated with it.

"That projection," he begins, "is known as 'Lovers' Leap.' Several centuries ago, before the white people began to make settlement in the New World, this valley was the habitation of Indians. The tribe was extinct, save for the few that dwelled in this valley. It was a peaceful tribe and had but few relations with outsiders, allowing no inter-marriages. They built huts and lived in true Indian fashion. The braves hunted, fished, and enjoyed playing games that tested their strength and skill.

"But, at last a time came that brought sorrow to their community. Their chief, loved and revered by all, had only one child, a daughter. She was quite beautiful, slender in figure, and graceful. Her black hair, plaited, hung down her back, and her black eyes, large and expressive, gave hint of a will power and a spirit that years of strictest discipline did not conquer.

"The chief loved his daughter and was proud of her, but now that he was getting old, he was worried because there was no son to succeed him.

"One day he called his people together and said, I have gravely considered the fact that I have no son to succeed me. Now, it is my desire, to select him that is fleetest of foot, quickest of eye, keenest of mind, the noblest from among you, to be the husband of my daughter, and to be my successor."

"Then he selected from their midst a tall, handsome youth who possessed those qualities which he most desired. Calling his daughter forth, he bade her make obeisance to her future husband.

"But she, kneeling at his feet, said, 'Oh, my father, that I cannot do. My heart is given to another. One evening, as I was strolling through the forests I met a handsome youth of another tribe, a Pamunkey. I have met him every evening since on yonder ledge. I am pledged to him.'

"The entire village was at once angry with the maiden who had dared be thus presumptuous, but her father, seemingly graver than before, quieted them.

"'My people,' he spoke, 'my daughter shall be treated fairly. This evening, our youth will meet in my daughter's place the young Pamunkey warrior. He will explain everything, and then they will fight until death. My daughter will be the bride of him who conquers.'

"That afternoon when the youth went to the ledge the village gathered itself together to await the outcome of the combat. The chief's daughter sat by her father's side, erect, silent, betraying no emotion, but alert to be the first to catch the footfall of him who should come.

"Soon after nightfall, the youth returned to the village, weary but victorious. A cheer went up from the people as he recounted his experience to them; how he fought for two hours by the sun, and had finally succeeded in casting his opponent over the ledge.

"The chief's daughter still sat silent and erect, and still she betrayed no emotion. When the old chieftain at length turned his attention to her, she said, 'I would have you grant me one request. Allow me to go to the ledge tomorrow for one last farewell.'

"Her father, answering, said, 'It is well,'

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"The following evening she once again set out for her accustomed place of meeting. The sun was shining brightly. Soon a setting sun tinted the sky and the ledge with its glorious hues. In turn, the moon and the stars one by one came out to lend their light beams to the darkened world. Still the young maiden did not return.

"The moon crept higher in the sky, and the old chieftain awoke, startled from his afternoon nap, and inquired for his daughter.

"'Not here? Then 'tis true,' he moaned. 'I had a dream. In my vision she jumped from the ledge into the arms of her young Pamunkey brave and he took her far, far away'."

When the legend was finished there was a momentary silence, a sigh, the shuffling of feet and changing of positions among the guests as they one by one came back to Afton from the region of the unreal.

## By the Ocean

By Margaret Watkins

Like little boys in snowy caps
Who laugh and run all day,
The white caps toss their little heads,
And beckon the sands to play.

Like hoary-headed gentlemen
Who bow their heads to pray,
The bigger waves seem quite content
To let the youngsters play.

#### Sea Gulls

By John Prichard



REMEMBER them flocking about the docks before the departure of the ship, flying diagnonally, zig-zig, and every other conceivable way. They made peculiar cracked sounds while searching for their food around the hull. Colored like the spray, some with a dash of blue, others as gray as the beard of an old mariner,

the gulls would rest on the water until their breath required they move off in some other direction.

They follow the ship, leaving the port, and cling in its wake far out to sea, relentless, pursuing, the thought of food uppermost in their minds. If the prey is a large passenger liner they will hover to her across the Atlantic to Liverpool, or along the shores of our continent to Panama, there to be joined by others of their kind . . . all in the search of food.

On studying one from close range I noticed in his eyes a peculiar expression as if vexed by his surroundings. Was he not better than any of his mates or those foolish beings who stood upon the decks of his prey, now and then casting him a sidelong glance? His eyes hold the secret of many sea tragedies not written in the annals of the nations. Locked in this bird's heart, perhaps, is the tale of the fate of Nungesser and Coli and others victim to that same dreadful end. Everything a gull can say is bound to a hoarse croak emanating from his smooth beak like a warning. Is it true, as the old sea legend runs, that he is the spirit of an old mariner preferring the sea to paradise? The gull's whole life is anchored to a scrambling for food. The more food the wealthier he is. Is his life so much unlike the wealth-drunk financial magnates of our large cities? Neither is content with sufficient or over-sufficient means. They must have more and more.

So from the ends of the earth the gulls come and go . . . . all in the quest of food.

#### Water Lilies

By Gertrude Gresham

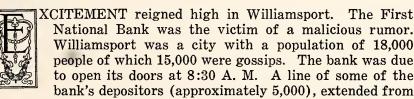
Deep within the dark, green marshes, Close upon the water's brim Grow the lilies, snow white lilies, Choicest flower made by Him.

In their verdant, cup-like sepals,
Heart-shaped petals open wide,
Each one smaller than the other
As if something they must hide.

If you were to gently open
Each white bloom so wondrous fair,
Would you be surprised to find
A tiny fairy hidden there?

### Almost a Crash

By Theodore James



the bank's doors five blocks down Main Street. In Williamsport practically everybody banked at the First National. The person who started this gossip had done his work well.

As soon as Mr. Hart arrived, he immediately went to the office of his cashier, Donald Franklin. Mr. Hart had been president of the First National for twelve years. He sank into a chair looking like a man about to die.

"What shall we do? What ever under the sun shall we do? We're ruined.... absolutely ruined, I tell you. I know and you know the bank is O. K., but those money-mad fools outside don't know it. As I understand it, we have money enough in our vaults to pay less than half of our depositors."

Young Franklin was worried, but he tried not to show it. "Mr. Hart, why not leave the doors closed until after you have had time to call a meetings of the directors?"

"Anything, anything at all to save us from ruin."

The directors had been in conference for twenty minutes, and they had reached no sensible decision. They were all laboring under the disadvantage of being greatly excited.

Finally Mr. Warren, the oldest member of the board of directors, got up and said, "We're doing ourselves more harm than good sitting here arguing. Hart, why don't you go out and talk to them? You're well known and liked by almost everyone in town; they may listen to you."

"I don't believe it will do any good, but I'll try anything once," was Hart's discouraging reply.

By this time the line outside the bank had developed into a mob gathered in front of the bank and extending across the street and blocking all traffic for the time being.

Mr. Hart's appearance at the door was greeted by jeers and cries of, "Why don't you open up? We want our money!"

"Friends, you all know me. I think you all know I am an honest man. You have all trusted me in the past, so why not trust me now? I want to assure you that your money is absolutely safe. The rumor that the bank was unsafe was started by some enemy of this bank, and he is being sought by the police now. If he is caught this man will serve a sentence in the state penitentiary. I want to ask you as your friend please to go about your business and not take any part in trying to cause the downfall of a perfectly safe bank."

"Cut the gab, we want our money. Talk is cheap, but it doesn't give us our money."

These cries coming from all over the crowd sent Mr. Hart into the shelter of the bank building.

Donald Franklin, silent during the directors' conference, now offered a suggestion.

"Let's open up and maybe if they see that we're paying off they may withdraw in time to save us from ruin. We can give the tellers instructions to stall for time."

"I for one am in favor of this," said Mr. Warren.

"You can count me in," chimed in Mr. Hart.

Each member of the board of directors agreed to give the cashier's scheme a trial.

Two hours later Mr. Hart sat in his office discussing the situation with Franklin, when his seventeen year old son, Ralph, entered the room. Both men greeted him carelessly, and then turned back to their conversation. Ralph picked up a magazine and sat down in a corner to read.

Mr. Hart seemed to have aged ten years in the past two hours. The situation was becoming nerve-racking. There had been no noticeable decrease in the number of people outside clamoring for their money. The money in the vaults was running low, and it had been necessary to call the Federal Bank at Metropolis, thirty miles away, for sufficient money to last them until closing time.

The telephone rang. Mr. Hart answered it.

"Hello! Yes, yes, this is Hart speaking. What's that? But you don't understand; we've got to have it! Yes, we can do that; yes, right away."

"Franklin, they are unable to send over the money because of a lack of cars, and they suggest that we send our own car and men over. Will you see about making the necessary arrangements?"

"Yes, sir, right away," was Franklin's reply.

The car had scarcely left the bank when the cashier came rushing into Hart's office.

"Mr. Hart! Mr. Hart! Our car has just been struck by a truck. It overturned on the corner of Third and Main."

Mr. Hart jumped out of his chair and shouted at his cashier.

"Suggest something, do something, but don't stand there staring at me."

"There is only one thing that I see to do and that is for me to go over myself," replied the cashier.

Ralph Hart had been sitting quietly in his corner until this last remark by Franklin. Young Hart was a natural-born mechanic. At the age of fifteen he had bought the remains of an ancient Model "T" Ford, had put it in running condition and had driven it for a year. Later his father had bought him a new Chevrolet roadster. Ralph kept it in perfect condition. Besides being a good mechanic he seemed to have a knack for driving. Franklin had a reputation for being just the opposite; not that he was careless, but he just didn't seem to have those qualities that make a good driver.

# "The Missile" -

"Dad, please let me drive Mr. Franklin over," asked Ralph excitedly.

"No. no, son; it's too much responsibility for a young fellow like you."

At this point Franklin joined in the conversation. "Mr. Hart, I believe that's a good idea. Why not let Ralph drive me over?"

"Well, if you think it's O. K., I'm willing to let him try it."

Forty minutes later they pulled up in front of the Federal Bank in Metropolis. Unwilling to waste any time Ralph parked in front of the bank on the left hand side of the street, and Franklin being in a hurry to get into the bank to obtain the money, got out of the car on the right hand side and was struck by an oncoming car.

After discovering that he was painfully but not seriously injured, and upon being told by the doctor that he was not to go back to Williamsport for several days, he decided to allow Ralph to take the money back by himself.

Ralph was very nervous when he heard of this, but very proud that he was to be trusted with so much money. He drove home very carefully and arrived at his father's bank just in time, for the tellers had paid out almost all the money in the bank's vault.

With no time for explanation Ralph turned the money over to his father, and although not willing to admit it, he was glad the responsibility was off his shoulders.

Early the next morning it was discovered that the originator of the rumor had been found. He was a man who had been in the bank several days before applying for a loan which had been refused because of lack of substantial security. He was arrested and held.

For several days after this the bank was busy accepting the deposits of Williamsport citizens who sheepishly filed back one by one.

A week later the city had settled back to normal, only too glad to forget the episode of the bank.

#### To a Sundial

By Espra Biggs

You were a brave young soldier once, Who kept your watch on the High School ground.

You had your hand on your tan brow

To salute the people that passed around.

When the sky was blue, the sun shone through The fleecy clouds that were sailing by; Then you marked the time that swiftly passed Without a moan, a cry, or a sigh.

Did you ever get tired of standing still,
With your face uplifted toward the sky?
I saw a shadow of gloom on your face
Each sunny day that I passed by.

But now you've been through a battle with Time,

Who must have conquered in the strife, For I see your arm is off and gone,
But still in your face there is some life.

You are an old war veteran now,
And still your faithful place you keep.
I think that you should be dismissed
That you may have some rest and sleep.

#### Tie Racks

By Andrew Pringos

HE MOST useless thing in the entire universe to my mind is the tie rack. No matter how ingenious the inventor of this object may be, I have yet to see one that comes near being practical.

In the few years of my life in which I have had the need of a tie holder, I have become the possessor of a new one at three different times. The first one was a proud product of my own craftsmanship, made at school in an industrial arts class. As I nailed it against the wall of my bed-

room, I visualized a neat room hereafter. There were to be no ties lying all over my bed, dresser, etc. and I was quick to inform my mother of my accomplishment and to assure her that she would have no more cause to tell me that my room looked as if it was just struck by a windstorm.

I was not long in discovering how impractical it was, however. Held up by a lone nail, it was free to move from side to side so that if it was not perfectly balanced the ties on the heaviest side would quickly find themselves in a neat pile on the floor. Naturally the other side would tilt up and every cravat would have to be put back in place one by one. This experience also had to be dealt with when I wanted a tie which found itself under several others. After it had put me in an angry mood one day and tried my patience to the limit, I jerked it off the wall and threw it out of the window.

Recently on successive Christmases I was given tie-racks as a gift, but I have become too smart to consider using them, and rather than make humanity miserable by giving them away, I quickly disposed of them in the nearest fire.

Meanwhile I will continue to use a drawer for my ties, and what if a few of them are lying around the room? It looks collegiate!

# Yearning

By Nell Hemphill

I want to find a high hill,
Then stand with arms outspread
And feel a wild wind whip my skirts
And tangle the hair of my head.

I want to feel a torrent flood
Pelt me with pouring rain,
While I stand still with head unbent
Till it washes all grief and pain.

I want at night to be alone
With the trees and stars above;
Until my being cries aloud
With the sense of beauty and love.

# The Editor's Study

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#### To the Graduate



O MANY of us Seniors the depression up to this time has seemed an intangible something for the older folks to worry about.

True, our own personal allowances have been cut, we have not sported as many new clothes as before, parties are not quite as numerous, and the food that comes upon our table may not be quite as savory.

But except for the absence of a few such luxuries, the depression has not affected us materially until now.

Four years ago when the market crashed we were still in Junior High. We knew that there was a terrific drop in stocks. We heard our parents and their friends complaining of losses, but we still ate, we went to movies, and we had a good time.

A year passed, quarters for movies were still shelled out, but Dad didn't buy that new car.

Another twelve months rolled around; we entered our Junior year. Matters had really become serious. We heard talks on the depression in assemblies, we read gloomy Democratic prophecies in the newspapers, we listened to Republican assurances of "Prosperity's just around the corner!"

Times got worse and we Juniors pitied the last year's graduates who were then out on their own. We pitied them, but we did not worry. Weren't all the papers announcing that the depression had hit bottom? We were glad that the depression wouldn't affect us Juniors. We would graduate just in time to ride the post-depression boom.

We thought that two years ago; we know differently now. Petersburg is in a desperate condition; its banks have been closed; it is trying to pull out of the hole while hitting on one cylinder. But what is worse to us graduating Seniors, where do we go from here?

# "The Missile" -

To college? We'd like to. Some of us can, many of us can't.

Then to work? With over eleven million unemployed men in the country now? Here's hoping.

Back to high school? It's better than loafing, much better. In fact, if it is impossible for this year's graduate to enter college immediately, it might be even more advisable than working at a small salary, provided, however, that the post-graduate can or will select new and worthwhile subjects, rather than while away his time with the easiest and simplest subjects he can obtain to fill the coveted fifteen periods.

By following such a course the post graduate can obtain a still broader background and be that much better prepared to enter college the following year or to go out upon his own into the business world.

1933 Senior, if you cannot enter college this fall, if you find it impossible to obtain a job, don't waste a precious year loafing.

Go back to high school.

## The Columbia Contest



HROUGHOUT the country there are many associations organized for the purpose of encouraging and promoting high journalistic standards in school publications. Two of the best known of these are the Columbia Scholastic Press Association and The National Scholastic Press Association.

For some time "The Missile" has been a member of the C. S. P. A. and has entered each year the annual nationwide contests. There are several reasons why this has been done, the two most prominent ones being natural school pride in the publication and the sincere desire to improve its standards from year to year.

"The Missile" has made an enviable record since its entrance into the C. S. P. A., having placed first three times, second three times, and third once.

When we speak of a first place or a second place, this does

not mean that the publication has defeated all others. On the contrary, it means that it has made a scoring of at least 850 out of a possible thousand points, or a score from 750 to 849, etc. In addition to this every magazine is placed in a particular group according to the enrollment of the school. Group "A" is for schools of 1,500 or more, group "B" from 801 to 1,500, group "C" from 301 to 800, and group "D" below 300.

Up until this year "The Missile" has been entered in class "C", but with the fall issues, we went into "B" group because of the increased enrollment of the school. Since the regular convention of the Columbia Scholastic Press Association is held in the Spring, only the first two issues of "The Missile" are ever entered for competition. This year our original scoring was 826 points, placing the magazine in the second group. There were twenty-two publications entered in this class and in numerical scoring "The Missile" stood sixth. Twenty-four more points would have put "The Missile" in first place.

As we checked over the score sheet, we were surprised to find that out of a possible sixty or seventy points reserved for art work "The Missile" had received absolutely no credit for the splendid work done by John Grigg and Anna Lou Moore, the judge evidently believing them too fine to have been done by high school students. In addition to this he asked the question, "Why not have some student drawings?"

We immediately called this matter to the attention of the Columbia Scholastic Press Association, and they promptly asked that the score sheet be returned for re-rating.

Though we have not heard from the association for the final score, we feel certain that our magazine will be awarded first place.

It is interesting to note that in the original rating "The Missile" was rated seven positions higher than the Lynchburg "Critic" and the Roanoke "Acorn," both of which placed in the third group.

#### Lucile Tench

T SEEMS fitting at this time to make mention of the outside recognition of Miss Lucile Tench's poetic ability. She has produced an unusually large amount of splendid verse this year, and her efforts have been praised from several different outside sources.

Following the publication of the first two issues of this magazine, several other school publications commented on her work, urging that her writing be encouraged.

"The Arena," Canisius High School, Buffalo, N. Y., published her poem, "A Stormy Sea" in addition to making general comments on her work.

Her most outstanding achievement in verse, "The Miracle," was entered in the 1933 State verse contest conducted by the Virginia High School Literary and Athletic League. Poems from twenty-seven high schools in Virginia were entered in this contest, and Miss Tench's poem carried off the State championship in addition to that of Class A. The winning poem in Class B was "Outward Bound," by Ethel Page Matheson, Alexandria, and Class C honors were won by William Keene's "The Country Road," from Norview High School, Norfolk.

Special comment was also given to "Two Nocturnes" by Treville La Touche of John Marshall, and to "Whip-poor-will" by Audrey Long of E. C. Glass High School, Lynchburg.

Along with the other school publications "The Missile" hopes that Miss Tench will continue her poetic work.

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